THE DEMOCRAT

WILL E. STOKE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

GREAT BEND. - - - - KANSAS

THE BRIDLE-PATH.

Through the green aisleways of the woods,
Past streams that foam and leap in light,
Pacing through murmuring solitudes,
We loiter on from noon to night.
Above our heads the oriole swings,
In the dim boughs the robin sings,
As by the bridle-path we fare
And taste life's freshness everywhere.

Pale blooms that hide in sheltered spots
Breathe pure sweet odors as we pass;
We see the rare forget-me-nots,
The hooded violets in the grass.
Is there afar a stormy world
Where fields are fought and flags are furled,
And dust and grime obscure the air?
We wonder as we blithely fare.

Along the quiet bridle-path,
Our gentle ponies know full well,
No terrors for their feet it hath
In shelving steep or dimpling dell.
High in the oak's cathedral hush
We hear the vesper of the thrush;
Far-off an evening church-bell rings,
And in the dusk the robin sings.

—M. E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

Love at First Sight.

By KATHERINE S. MACQUOID.

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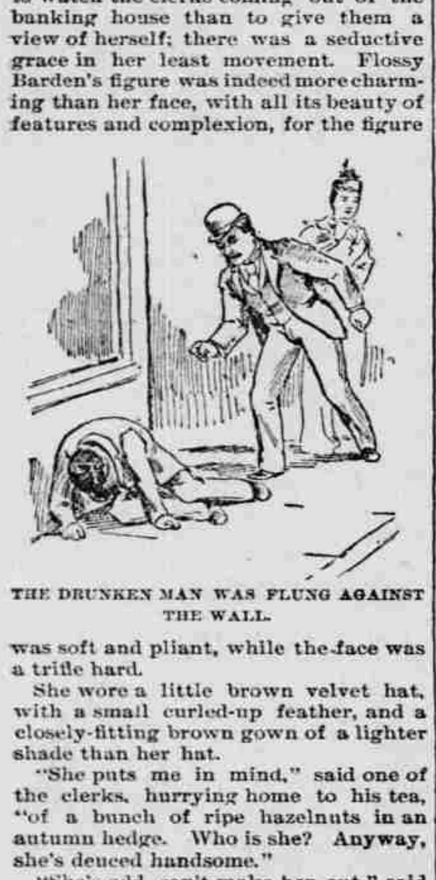
CHAPTER I.

SHE was very handsome, tall and slender, yet with rounded limbs and fully developed figure; a sculptor might have taken her as a model for Hebe, or one of the Graces. She had the rich warmth of complexion seen more often abroad than in England, her hair and her eyes, too, were southern in their blackness; the mouth was less refined than the rest of the face, but the lips were richly red; now, as she stood listening, they slightly parted, and showed a gleam of small, shining teeth, which completed the health-breathing aspect of her face.

She turned her head, less it seemed to watch the clerks coming out of the banking house than to give them a view of herself; there was a seductive grace in her least movement. Flossy Barden's figure was indeed more charming than her face, with all its beauty of features and complexion, for the figure



THE DRUNKEN MAN WAS FLUNG AGAINST THE WALL.

was soft and pliant, while the face was a trifle hard.

She wore a little brown velvet hat, with a small curled-up feather, and a closely-fitting brown gown of a lighter shade than her hat.

"She puts me in mind," said one of the clerks, hurrying home to his tea, "of a bunch of ripe hazelnuts in an autumn hedge. Who is she? Anyway, she's deuced handsome."

"She's odd, can't make her out," said another; "she's straight enough, though she don't look it; and what does she come spying about here for?"

For two days, heedless of any remark that might be passed on her, Flossy had come at the same hour, and had stared coldly, almost haughtily, at the clerks as they left the bank. She never looked directly at one of them, so that no one had an excuse for speaking to her, but she waited till the last man had come out.

She lived alone with her mother, who was too infirm to go out, and too proud of having known better days to visit with those who would have liked to call on her. Mrs. Barden had lived in London till a year ago, and no one knew anything about her except that she was not well off, and that she had a handsome daughter. Flossy found home-life dull, and made her own friends. When she left her watch at the bank she called on one of these friends, Miss Julia Smith, a young music teacher. Miss Smith was at the gate, shaking hands with a tall, fair man, fashionably dressed.

"Introduce me," whispered Flossy; she guessed that this must be the Mr. Hartopp she wanted to know. Julia Smith had told her so much about him that she felt able to recognize him. Their eyes met as he returned her bow, and she saw that he admired her. She said to her friend as Mr. Hartopp passed on:

"Why did you tell me he was in Dowsetts' bank? He could not be one of those ordinary looking clerks."

"I said he was staying with Mr. Dowsetts; he's a Londoner, he writes for the papers, but he'll make some stay here, I'm told; he's got something to do with the Loan exhibition, that's to open next spring."

Her friend had suddenly become dull to Flossy Barden.

"Had Mr. Hartopp been calling on you?" she said, sharply, though she had a soft, pleasant voice.

"Only to give me the name of a piece of music I wanted." Miss Barden gaped, looked about her, and soon rose to go.

"Aren't you afraid of going alone, Flossy? It's getting dark."

"Oh, no; it's not very far, you know."

Flossy went down the next street, which was narrow, and she found it darker than she had expected, but she was fearless, and she rather enjoyed the idea of risk. Looking on, she saw a few people at the further end of the street, and she fancied that one of them was Mr. Hartopp. While she stared after him, a drunken man came up the turning she had reached, and lurched up against her. She cried out in sudden terror, and only saved herself from falling by clinging to the lamp-post at the corner of the street.

In a moment some one came to her rescue, the drunken man was flung against the wall, and there was Mr. Hartopp asking if he might see her home.

For the first time in her life Flossy felt ashamed of her vagrant habits. Her mother's scoldings had never touched her so closely as Mr. Hartopp's evident concern that she should have been exposed to this annoyance.

She at once recovered her self-possession, and chatted pleasantly till they reached her mother's door.

"I don't know how to thank you enough," she repeated. "Won't you come in and let mother thank you herself, or will you come to-morrow?" she added, hastily, as a vision of her mother's probably soiled cap and shabby gown, and the general untidiness of the room presented itself to her recollection; "yes that will be best." She gave him a winning smile, and, raising her shining black dark eyes to his, she held out her hand. "To-morrow, then; au revoir."

When Louis Hartopp had thanked her and taken his leave, he said to himself:

"See her to-morrow! I should just think I will. She's perfectly lovely—and what a figure!"

Mr. Hartopp called next day. Flossy had worked hard to make the room pretty. There was a nosegay of flowers on the table, which she had got at half price from her greengrocer, who thought Miss Barden beautiful, and the "affablest lady" he had ever seen. The mother was ordinary looking, but she was quiet and lady-like. Mr. Hartopp was not a marrying man, but he liked female society, and, as he had few congenial friends in Liverpool, he told himself that this sudden acquaintance was a perfect godsend and would help him to many agreeable afternoons and evenings during his exile from London. This was at the beginning of his visit, and half-an-hour's amusing chat confirmed his impression. Then, as he was thinking he must leave, very unwillingly, for it was real enjoyment to watch that beautiful face, and follow with his eyes those gliding, graceful movements, there came a sudden lightning flash, followed by a crashing thunder peal, and the sky, which had been gloomy, looked very dark indeed.

The invalid pressed Mr. Hartopp to stay. She said it would make her sadly nervous if he ventured into the storm, and as she spoke the room suddenly lightened with another vivid flash, and the house seemed to shake with the thunder that followed.

When Louis Hartopp finally left, he was completely infatuated with Miss Barden. He was one of those men who at once deify a new acquaintance or acquisition; he had gathered from the talk of the mother and daughter that they knew very few persons in the town, and he felt glad that he should have Flossy all to himself. He thought that she was not only beautiful, but that she was extremely gifted, and that she had a cultivated mind. If his senses had been clearer he might have remembered that Miss Barden had listened far more than she had spoken, and that she had not only agreed with everything he said, but that she had exerted herself to praise his opinions. She had not feigned this sympathy; she was as completely infatuated as Mr. Hartopp was, and she determined to become his wife. She had not a doubt about it, or a fear; she was absorbed by the pleasure she had found with being with him. This was love, she told herself, true love at first sight, and she felt that it had begun with her before she saw him; even when she was looking for him among those horrid clerks, she knew she was looking for the man she should love with all her heart and soul.

At first Mr. Hartopp only called on Sunday, but he met Flossy almost daily. She spent a great part of the day out of doors. They did not walk together, but just chatted a few minutes and passed on. Then one day she said she was going to Manchester, and he met her at the station when she came back, and he saw her safe home. Little by little he came oftener to the house, and Flossy used to linger with him in the passage when she went to let him out.

One day Mrs. Barden asked her daughter whether she was engaged to be married.

"No," was the answer, "not engaged, but we understand one another."

Flossy turned away with sparkling eyes and a slight stamp of the foot, at which ominous signs her mother, who had learned to dread her handsome girl's flights of temper, became dumb with regard to Mr. Hartopp's intentions.

Flossy was pleasant and extremely good-natured until her will was crossed; to do her justice, she had never been taught to control a naturally violent temper, either by precept or example. She was very angry at her mother's question because she had been constantly asking herself how much longer Louis Hartopp must wait before he declared his love; Miss Smith was going to be married, and she supposed she would soon be called upon to play the part of bridesmaid. Though Flossy's temper was vehement and her will undisciplined, she could curb both when she chose, and Louis Hartopp never imagined that his beauty was not as sweet as she looked. He was really very fond of her. She had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and, like most men, he loved to be amused. He was also fond of music, and she sang very sweetly.

One day, several weeks after their first meeting, he was utterly surprised to find her grave and silent. It was the day after her mother's vexing question; the girl had come some way from home to meet him; she had been telling herself Louis Hartopp must mean to marry her, or he would not ask her to meet him in this way. She was determined to find out the truth, if she could, without vexing him.

"I'm not sure I ought to have come to meet you." She looked gravely into his eyes.

"Why not to-day as well as any other day?" He smiled, but he felt uneasy.

She looked wounded and graver than ever as she answered: "Because mother thinks it must look strange for us to be so much together."

Hartopp felt very angry; it was absurd, he thought, for that old invalid to interfere with her beautiful healthy daughter's amusement.

Flossy went on: "If father had lived, he would not have allowed us to be so—so intimate."

She looked at him now, and he felt obliged to answer.

"I am sorry to hear this," he said; "I don't think our acquaintance has done you any harm, and it has certainly been very delightful for me; you surely do not want to end it, Flossy?" he said, tenderly.

She was again silent, and he did not know what to say next. He looked at her, and saw a stormy, disturbed expression in her dark eyes. He was very fond of her, but he was a man of the world, and he saw that she had a temper; he knew that he was not in a position to marry this showy, beautiful creature, even if he wished to make her his wife; he had not questioned himself on this point, he had been contented to drift and enjoy the present. Flossy was a girl he thought with whom no man would venture any freedom, and yet he knew he might speak far more frankly than he would dare to speak, if she were more conventional. He had noticed that she did not look annoyed just now when he called her "Flossy."

"There are men," he went on, rather hurriedly, "selfish hounds, I call them, who without the means to give you a suitable home, would ask you to marry them," he saw her eyes glisten. "I understand you better; you are not the girl who could endure to become a mere household drudge; your husband must be rich and able to surround you with all the luxury you deserve, you are too bright a jewel not to be gorgeously set; if things had been different with me, then indeed I might have ventured to hope," he sighed. "A man has unfortunately got to work out his destiny."

It seemed to Flossy as if the one chance of her life was passing, and that unless she snatched at it, it would be lost.

"I only care for one thing in marriage," she said, passionately. "I must be loved as I love."

She looked at him with eyes full of love, and Louis Hartopp was sorely tempted to fling away worldly wisdom and ask her to be his wife.

But he could not; something stronger than his passion warned him, even when he looked into her passionate eyes, he foresaw that Flossy Barden would be perfect as a mistress, she would be less perfect as a wife; a mad impulse seized him to take her in his arms and tell her so. While he hesitated, the girl haughtily raised her head, and turning she began to walk back to town.

"We'll say good-by here," she said, coldly. "No, I'd rather be alone, thank you."

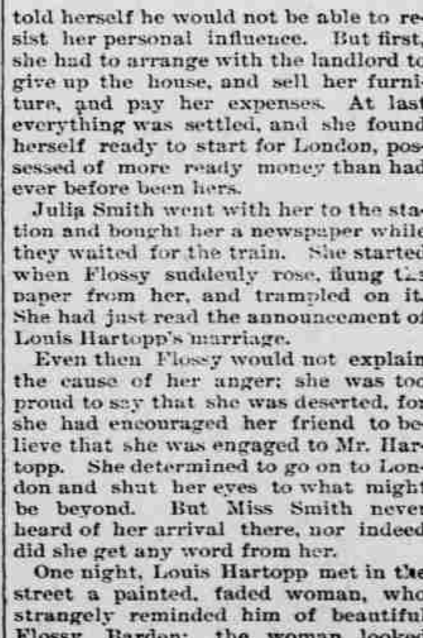
CHAPTER II.

Louis Hartopp stayed away two days; on the third he received a note from Flossy saying that her mother had a stroke of paralysis, and that recovery was doubtful. In the interval he had made arrangements to return to London; he foresaw that their last walk would have strained the relations between them, but he felt grieved to leave Flossy in this trouble. He wrote her a few lines of warm sympathy, hinted at his approaching departure, and said he hoped to call before he left Liverpool.

He called: Mrs. Barden was much better, but he did not see her when he rose to go. Flossy flung herself into his arms, and implored him not to forget her. He kissed her and held her to his heart. When he was out of the house he did not feel at all clear as to what he had said; he felt, however, sure he had not asked her to be his wife, but he determined that he would never see her again, if he wished to keep free of an engagement.

CHAPTER III.

At the end of three months Mrs. Barden died. Flossy had written several times to Louis Hartopp since he went away, but he had only sent her one letter; in it he said he should always remember her, and her friendship; but the letter was completely unlover-like. Flossy determined, now that she was free, to go to London and find him; she



THE WOMAN LOOKED YEARNINGLY AT HIM.

told herself he would not be able to resist her personal influence. But first, she had to arrange with the landlord to give up the house, and sell her furniture, and pay her expenses. At last everything was settled, and she found herself ready to start for London, possessed of more ready money than had ever before been hers.

Julia Smith went with her to the station and bought her a newspaper while she was waiting for the train. She started when Flossy suddenly rose, flung the paper from her, and trampled on it. She picked it up and read the announcement of Louis Hartopp's marriage.

Even then Flossy would not explain the cause of her anger; she was too proud to say that she was deserted, for she had encouraged her friend to believe that she was engaged to Mr. Hartopp. She determined to go on to London and shut her eyes to what might be beyond. But Miss Smith never heard of her arrival there, nor indeed did she get any word from her.

One night, Louis Hartopp met in the street a painted, faded woman, who strangely reminded him of beautiful Flossy Barden; the woman looked yearningly at him, as if she longed to speak, and then she passed on. He never met her again, nor could he feel sure whether the strange likeness had been real or imaginary. Louis Hartopp was not very happy with his rich wife, and his heart sometimes ached when he wondered what had become of Flossy.

—Hicks—"But why do you think Smiler is a demagogue?" Wicks—"I saw the fellow saying pleasant things to a girl baby the other day. Why should he do that if he wasn't thinking that by the time that baby grew up the suffrage might be extended to women, and then, don't you see, he might get that girl's vote?"

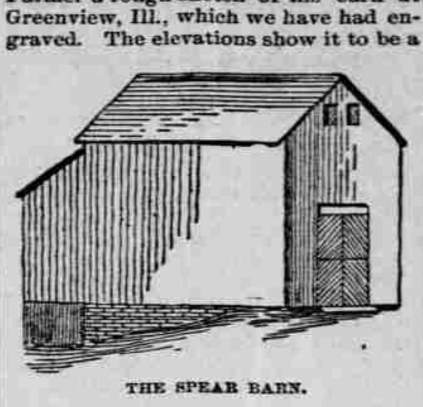
—Mr. Union Club—"I never get religious except at twilight, when I have time to sit before the fire and smoke." Mrs. Union Club—"I suppose the fire and smoke make you dwell upon your future, dear."—The Club.

FARM AND GARDEN.

AN ILLINOIS BARN.

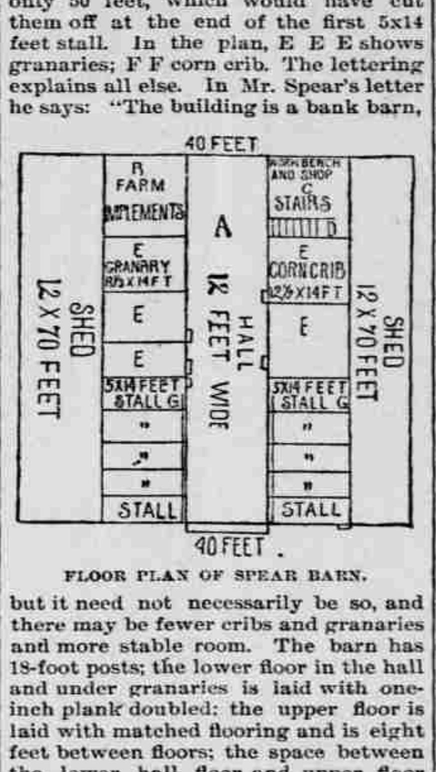
How It Is Constructed and Arranged—Cost of the Building.

Mr. G. G. Spear sends to the Prairie Farmer a rough sketch of his barn at Greenview, Ill., which we have had engraved. The elevations show it to be a



THE SPEAR BARN.

bank barn used for cattle. The entrance is by four folding doors, as shown, the windows at the peak being for taking in hay. The dark line along the roof shows the position under the roof of the hay carrier. The ground plan shows a floor 40x70 feet, with sheds on each side 12 feet inside. In the original plan these sheds extended only 50 feet, which would have cut them off at the end of the first 5x14 feet stall. In the plan, E E shows granaries; F F corn cribs. The lettering explains all else. In Mr. Spear's letter he says: "The building is a bank barn,



FLOOR PLAN OF SPEAR BARN.

but it need not necessarily be so, and there may be fewer cribs and granaries and more stable room. The barn has 18-foot posts; the lower floor in the hall and upper floors is laid with one-inch plank doubled; the upper floor is laid with matched flooring and is eight feet between floors; the space between the lower hall floor and upper floor is 14 feet, with a space about the center 12x16 feet for hoisting hay. The cost of the barn was about $1,500.

SELECTING SEEDS.

Pick Out the Best Plants and Preserve for That Purpose.

Owing to the facility with which farmers can supply themselves from the seedsmen, few save their own seeds now as they did in former times. It is so convenient to look over the assortments to be found in the seed stores and select what one wants for the garden for a small consideration that saving seeds at the right time is scarcely thought of by most families having gardens. Still there are in many cases manifest advantages in saving at least a portion of the seeds which may be wanted the next season, says the Southern Farmer. In this way one can become familiar with the best way of handling his various crops seeds which will grow and be quite true if proper care is taken in gathering, curing and preserving them from injury until wanted for use. Do not take seeds from the plant until perfectly mature. Select from the best stalks and spread for a few days in a dry shade. Seeds that have been carefully cleaned put in small bags, label and hang out of harm's way until planting time. It is a good plan to single out the plants from which the seeds are to be saved some time before the ripening and note such as are the most productive and vigorous.

TIMELY FIELD NOTES.

THE need of ice is now being felt by a great many persons. It is neither difficult nor expensive to put up a small amount of ice. Suppose you try it next winter.

DO NOT allow harvesting to keep the field of late corn from having a needed plowing. The last plowing destroys many weeds and usually increases the yield materially.

PASTURES which are infested with ragweeds can be materially benefited by mowing the weeds late this month before the seeds have matured. Comparatively few weeds will ripen seeds if this is done.

DESTROY noxious weeds along the roadside. Many of them are distributed and allowed to seed there and soon get out on the adjoining farms. District road supervisors should see that they are not allowed to mature seed.

THE mower, binder and rake which have stood outside since harvest time last year are in poor condition and will need mending or will soon break down when you are busy. Lumber for making machinery sheds is cheaper than machines.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Must Fight for Themselves.

Professional and commercial men say to the farmer: "Let other people's affairs alone, mind your own business and you will be prosperous enough." The trouble is that the farmer has always done this, the other men have habitually meddled with his affairs, and their meddlesomeness has taken the form of not only holding him in the background while others advanced rapidly, but of reducing him to the condition of a tenant at will on his own acres, to be treated in all respects like the helpless and hopeless peasantry of the old world.—Western Rural.

A Word About Specialties.

There would be less objection to specialties if those pursuing them did not abandon all other reliances for getting a profitable return from their labor. At the first, at least, the specialty should never be allowed to wholly absorb the farmer's or fruit grower's energies. He should not put all his eggs in one basket. By not heeding this rule, thousands have lost all they had earned by a life of previous toil. By all means, if you can surely make a success of the new crop or method, then will be time enough to depend on it exclusively.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

FOR SHEEP RAISERS.

How Long Can Ewes and Lambs Be Kept to Advantage?

As with all other stock much depends upon the growth made, the kind of sheep and the conditions under which they are kept. Generally the safest rule to follow is to market when the sheep have reached their full commercial value. That is, whenever a sheep will sell at the highest price then is when it should be sold. But with this, as with all rules regarding the management of stock on the farm, there must be exceptions, and with sheep a good breeding animal can often be kept until they are ten or twelve years old. If kept to maturity they can, in very many cases, be kept until they are five years old, especially the ewes, if they are good breeders. Wethers, unless they are exceptionally good ones, can generally be marketed when they are three.

With sheep that are raised more especially for market it is often the case that they can be marketed to a better advantage as lambs than as matured sheep, and especially so when they can be made ready for market reasonably early. When only a certain number of sheep can be kept on the farm with profit, and the surplus is to be marketed, the market value should determine when it is best to sell. Whenever the most clean profit can be realized is the time to let go. With sheep raising as with nearly or quite all other farm products, every advantage must be taken to secure the best profit and the time and manner of marketing are often important features in this. Growing well is important, but selling well is equally so. If a lamb will sell to the best advantage when it is three weeks old then is the time to sell it. If it can be kept until it is three months old and return a larger profit than at three weeks it will be better to keep it, of course other things being equal. Again, it may be more profitable to clip two fleeces of wool and then market as mutton, of course having fat and in good condition. By this time a sheep should be well matured, and, if fat, will be at its best and should sell at the highest price for matured mutton.

It is only where a ewe is an exceptional breeder that it will pay to keep her longer than five years. Under what may be considered average conditions after a ewe is five years old she begins to lose vigor and the safest plan is to sell at that age. It is of no advantage to sell off good ewes unless there are younger sheep to take their place. Ewes can always be kept longer with profit than wethers, and often lambs can be sold to a better profit than matured sheep. So that no infallible rule can be laid down as to when it will be best to sell.—N. J. Shepherd, in Wool and Mutton.

FLAVOR OF EGGS.

It Depends Largely on the Food Given to the Hens.

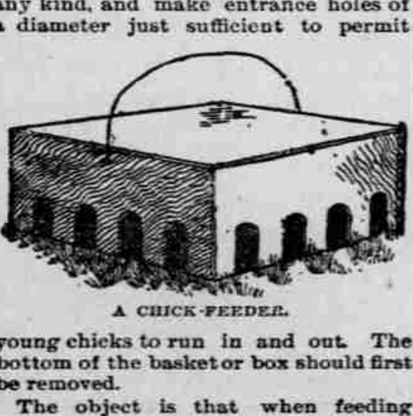
The flavor of eggs depends very much on the kind of food given to the poultry. When hens are fed largely or almost exclusively on milk, the yolk is lighter in color, the white has a milky look, and the whole egg is watery and less firm in texture than those laid by grain-fed hens. The taste of the egg is also affected, being insipid and unsatisfactory when boiled or poached, and less fine for ordinary cooking purposes even. There is no use in saying that the idea of the quality of eggs being influenced by the food of the hens is a mere whim; since it is a well-known fact that the eggs of fowls kept in the neighborhood of the sea and fed almost entirely on fish—taken as they come, embracing the strong and oily as well as the more delicate sorts—have "an ancient and fish-like" taste, if not "smell," and eggs coming from those regions sell for less in the market, in some instances, than those coming from districts farther inland.

The reason why hens fed on "slops" of milk, etc., are able to give no better eggs to their owners is because the "old, old story" is repeated in their case. You demand the "tale of brick" of your servants, but you give them no straw to make them with. Curd hardly comes under the head of milk, and there is little danger of having it in large quantities to offer to your fowls. It contains all the best and most nutritious portions of the milk, without its objectionable, watery qualities. But the true feed for laying fowls is one-third or one-quarter Indian corn, ground or otherwise, and oats or wheat, together with milk and whatever scraps from the house are obtainable, and as much green vegetable food as they will eat, and with these, combined and fed properly, your eggs will be of the true gold and silver stamp—when the cook's fire has refined them and prepared them as a relish for your breakfast table.—Poultry World.

FEEDER FOR CHICKS.

A Simple Contrivance of More Than Ordinary Usefulness.

More properly, this may be termed a cover for the feed dish. Simply attach a handle to an old basket or a box of any kind, and make entrance holes of a diameter just sufficient to permit



A CHICK-FEEDER.

young chicks to run in and out. The bottom of the basket or box should first be removed.

The object is that when feeding young chicks their food may be so covered as to protect it from larger chicks or fowls, while the chicks can help themselves unmolested. Such a contrivance will cost but an insignificant sum, and will be found very useful when feeding the chicks on food prepared especially for their use only. Place their food in a dish or small trough, and then set the cover on the dish.—Farm and Fireside.

Manure on a Small Plot.

It pays to place the manure on a small plot. When the manure is spread over a large surface its effect on any portion is less than when it is applied liberally. There is also an increase in the cost of spreading over a large field, as the manure must be hauled to a greater distance, and the cultivation of the land is increased without a corresponding gain in crops.

A BARBAROUS SYSTEM.

American Enterprise Hampered by Republican Legislation.

Those who have so long shouted that British gold was trying to break down our tariff in order that the British manufacturers might take away the American market from our home producers will find it hard to understand the warnings that are beginning to appear in English journals, and from thoughtful Englishmen, now that we are about to reform our barbarous system and open a few gates in our Chinese walls.

To many of these "Britishers" it has already occurred that free raw materials and fewer tariff restrictions with us mean not a surrender of American markets to them, but a competition from American manufacturers in the neutral markets which our protective system abandoned for the past thirty years. Many of our own manufacturers are beginning to catch the inspiration of new industrial triumphs, having learned that the nation which most effectively uses the inventions and forces of modern production and pays the best wages to its skilled labor will come out ahead in such a contest.

Singularly enough, this same alarm was sounded more than fifty years ago by no less a statesman than Richard Cobden, then an unknown Manchester manufacturer, in an anonymous pamphlet entitled "England, Ireland and America." We were then a people of 14,000,000, while the United Kingdom had 25,000,000, but our exports of domestic produce had reached $100,000,000 as compared with their $180,000,000. Mr. Cobden, comparing the commerce and shipping of the two countries, said that "from these it clearly appears that America, in proportion to its population, is at this moment carrying on as extensive a commerce as England or any other state in the world," and prophesied that in thirty years the two peoples would be equal in population and his own country threatened by the naval and commercial ascendancy of the United States. And for this latter fact the explanation is on the surface.

When Mr. Cobden wrote both nations were struggling forward in the bonds of the restrictive policy—protective tariffs and navigation laws. Both began almost simultaneously to unloose these bonds, under the teaching of bitter experience. England went steadily forward, even to the final goal of commercial freedom. We suffered a reaction, first from the interruption of a civil war, and then, and far more grievously, from the fetters which the Morrills and McKinleys put upon us.

Our merchant navy has so languished that little more than one-eighth of what we send out or bring back is carried in our own ships. Our foreign commerce averages but $27 per head of population, while that of the United Kingdom has swollen to $100 per head. In other words, half a century ago, population compared, our foreign trade and our shipping had caught up with those of the greatest trading and seagoing people in the world. The race was neck and neck, with every chance of outstripping in our favor. To-day what commerce we have is a passive commerce. Our rival carries most of it for us, drawing in return a rich tribute in freight charges. Her foreign trade in porportion is four times greater than ours. Under McKinleyism we should thus lag forever in the rear. But the American people have determined to recover the lost ground.

With a reform of our tariff and a breaking of McKinley fetters, they will take up anew their long-abandoned destiny. American enterprise, unburdened and untrammeled except as public necessities require, will close the gap and put into reality the apprehensions expressed by Mr. Cobden fifty years ago.—N. Y. World.

CUTTING OFF THE PENSIONS.

Economy Rendered Necessary by Republican Extravagance.

In accordance with orders from the pension bureau at Washington 125 certificates held by pensioners whose stipends are paid at the Pittsburgh agency were canceled. The grand army posts of that city have resolved to take up the cases by an appeal not to the department of the interior but to the courts.

There are eighteen pension agencies at which disbursements to the amount of $120,000,000 or $130,000,000 are made annually to pensioners numbering more than 676,000. This was the number at the close of the fiscal year of 1891. It showed an increase for that year of 188,000. The total has been steadily augmented. If, after months of inquiry, the pension bureau finds no more than 125 cases of undeservers at Pittsburgh, and that should be the average throughout the United States, no more than 2,200 pensions would be dropped. Does anyone who has observed the administration of the pension office during the administration of President Harrison under Corporal Tanner and under Green B. Raum doubt that thousands upon thousands of undeservers have been piled upon the pension rolls? Men are continued thereon as invalids though no sign of physical decreptitude is visible. Widows who were not born at the close of the war survive the old soldiers whom they married and have not made remarriage known to the department. Thorough, searching investigation would, no doubt, drop tens of thousands of names from the pension rolls. The work of investigation is an act of simple honesty, not alone to the taxpayers of the United States, but particularly to those persons whose names are on the pension roll because of their undoubted desert. The marvel is not that 125 names were dropped at the Pittsburgh agency, but that the number was not ten times that.

If courts will take jurisdiction of the subject matter, and it is difficult to say how they can, they can do no more than make inquiry into the grounds upon which the pension commissioner has proceeded. If the facts are as the agents of the bureau have found the case of the dropped pensioners will be of no avail. Grand army posts that exist for the purpose of succoring their brethren perform a useful mission, but when they come forth indiscriminately to shield undeservers, to struggle for the retention upon the pension roll of people who receive a stipend because they lost their hair during the war of the rebellion or acquired corns on some of their toes, they discredit the name they bear and the associates they had during the war.

Economy of federal administration has become an imperative necessity. One reason for the stringency of the times is the exceeding cost of government—federal, state and local. Too much is demanded of the resources of the people in the name of state and nation. The largest single item of expenditure is that for pensions, which has mounted up beyond the anticipation of anyone, even the most extravagant proponent of free, wide-open pension laws. The pension bureau has full authority under the law to make close inquiry into the existing list. If persons have certificates and do not hold them honestly it is within the power of the department to drop such persons. They will never be able to ascertain all of them, but they should continue their investigation in the hope of diminishing the number in every case that search will develop. The trend of appropriations on pension account, as upon all other account, must be downward.

The nation is costing the people too much money.—Chicago Times.

TAKING THEIR OWN DUST.

Republican Responsibility for the Passage of the Sherman Law.

The reluctance of the republicans to accept the credit for the passage of the Sherman law is wholly ex post facto. In the fall of 1890 some of them were alarmed lest the democrats would at some time or other lay claim to a part of the credit.

It will be remembered that after the bill was passed speculation in silver became very active and the price was run up to $1.21 per ounce, with possibly a few sales at a higher figure. For the moment it appeared as if the prophecy of those who had predicted that the bill would bring the bullion value of silver to a parity with its coining value, or $1.2929, was going to be fulfilled. Accordingly, on September 10, 1890, the republicans of Indiana in their platform "pointed with pride" in the following expressive fashion:

"We cordially commend the action of the republicans in congress on the subject of silver coinage. Ex-President Cleveland, by messages to congress, strongly opposed all legislation favorable to silver coinage, and the law recently enacted was passed in spite of persistent democratic opposition. Under its beneficent influences silver has rapidly approached the gold standard of value, farm products are advancing in price and commerce is feeling the impulse of increased prosperity. It will add more than $50,000,000 annually of sound currency to the amount in circulation among the people, and is a long yet prudent step toward free coinage."

We do not find in this resolution any evidence that the republicans of Mr. Harrison's state regarded the Sherman act as necessary to head off free coinage, but on the contrary that they regarded it as wise legislation and a long step toward free coinage.

The Indiana republicans were not without some good reason for making these assertions. A leading republican congressman, Mr. Conger, of Iowa, when he offered the conference report on the bill in the house, had spoken as follows:

"This measure will be given to the country, I am happy to say, by republicans. It was agreed upon in conference by republicans only. It was passed in yonder chamber only by republican votes, and I suspect that it may pass here only by republican votes. It will then go where it will be signed by a republican president, and from there it will go to the country, which, in November next, will give such a republican indorsement that many of you gentlemen will not be found here to pass upon the next silver measure that may come before congress. It is, Mr. Speaker, in line with republican judgment and republican policy."

Mr. Conger was quite right in saying that many of the members of the house who then heard him would not be members of the next congress. In this he proved himself a true prophet, albeit one of those who keep the word of promise to the ear only. Mr. Conger meant that the popularity of the Sherman law would be so great that many democratic congressmen would fail of reelection. It turned out just the other way. It was the republicans of whom so many failed to get back, and Mr. Conger was one of them, though candor compels the admission that the silver bill was not the principal cause of their failure.

This is by no means all the evidence available on this subject. Various other republican conventions held in 1890 commended the Sherman act. California indorsed it. Arizona complimented it, but demanded free coinage. Idaho called it "a splendid victory over the enemies of silver." Kansas called it a step in the right direction. Michigan indorsed it. North Carolina returned the thanks of the American people to congress for passing the bill and to Mr. Harrison for signing it. Tennessee congratulated the country in the wise solution of the silver question. West Virginia congratulated congress on the passage of the bill. There were more of the same sort, but these will suffice until the republican organs do some more denying on the subject.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

——Gov. McKinley is disposed to drop the "red-dog" currency game and try the old-time weeping act with the Ohio ram-raisers.—N. Y. World.

——The republican county conventions in Kansas are declaring for McKinley for president in 1896. It is clear that the Kansas republicans believe that the hair of the dog can cure the bite. If Ingalls had not been snatched baldheaded there might be hope for him.—St. Louis Republic.

——The farmer who sells his "protected" wool, under the highest protective tariff the country has ever known, and then purchases a few protected tin pans for his dairy, has learned more about the beauties of protection than William McKinley, Jr., will ever tell him.—Detroit Free Press.

——Among the pensioners recently stricken from the rolls by Commissioner Lochren are eleven men who deserted from the army and are reported by the records of the war department to be still at large. And yet it is for urging that pensions be withheld from such men as these that a G. A. R. post has been expelled from the order.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

——Rules will be adopted by the incoming house of representatives to enable the majority, after full opportunity for debate, to pass such measures as it deems desirable. Such rules will be very different from those of the Reed congress, designed to stifle all debate, to deprive the political minority of all share in or knowledge of contemplated legislation, and to enable the speaker, with the cooperation of only a minority of the house, to pass such measures as he saw fit.—Albany Argus.

——President Cleveland, in his message calling an extra session of congress, truthfully says that "the present perilous condition is largely the result of a financial policy which the executive branch of the government finds embodied in unwise laws which must be executed until repealed by congress." Every word of this is true. The responsibility must rest where it belongs—with the republican party. Those republicans who are trying to shift the responsibility upon President Cleveland are demagogues, pure and simple.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.